Volume LXI CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1908 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THIRD ANNUAL WOMEN'S CONGRESS

At Tower Hill, Spring Green Station

AUGUST 21-23, 1908

PROGRAM

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1908

7:30 p. m.
Welcome to Tower Hill.....Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago
Address, "Habit".....Mrs. Robert LaFollette, Madison

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908

10 a. m.
"The Passing of the Bonnet,"
Miss L. E. Stearns, Milwaukee
"Three Score Years and Ten in the Twentieth Century".....Miss Jane Lloyd Jones, Hillside
General discussion.

2 p. m.
"University Extension and the Farmer,"
Frank A. Hutchins, Madison
General discussion.
"Some Needed Legislation in Wisconsin,"
Duncan McGregor, Platteville
"The County and Its Wards,"
Dr. Almah J. Kisby, State Board of Control, Madison
General discussion.

7:30 p. m.
"The Consumers' League".....Mrs. B. C. Gudden, President Wisconsin Consumers' League, Oshkosh
General discussion.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1908

10:30 a. m.
Sermon, "Love Never Faileth,"
Rev. Marion Murdock, Kenosha

2 p. m.
Sermon.....Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago

7:30 p. m.
Reading, Browning's "Saul"..Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 339
Some Recent Books..... 340
When Carrie Jacobs Bond Sings—Mary Badollet-Powell 341
THE PULPIT—
Reilgion and the Teaching of Philosophy—Bernard C. Ewer, Ph. D..... 342
The Minister and the Marriage Ceremony—Chauncey J. Hawkins 344
A Midnight Vision—E. A. Coil..... 345
To the Christian Nations—H. W. Ettelson..... 346
Theology and Religion—M. Gordon..... 346
Martineau—A. Judson Rich..... 347
Human Brotherhood—III—Rev. J. T. Sunderland:... 347
The Sharpest Pang—Hattie Tyng Griswold..... 348
THE STUDY TABLE—
Midsummer Book Table—E. P. Powell..... 348
Books Received 349
A Voice from the Pews—VIII—Viva Voce..... 349
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living..... 349
Echoes from My Home—J. H. S..... 349
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H..... 350
Tower Hill Notes—E. H. W..... 350

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908 | NUMBER 22

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, the flow'rs are fair;
Joy is abroad in earth today;
Open the door, it comes our way.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He'll make of raindrops gold and gems;
He'll change our tears to diadems.

Open the mind today, let in
Strong, noble thoughts which banish sin;
Open the heart's door wide, let in
Sympathy sweet for all our kin.

—*R. W. Nicoll.*

"Uplift Number." This is the designation of the July issue of *The World's Work*. "Uplift" is not an elegant word, but it is a significant thing. Why should any issue of any publication be other than an uplift number?

Co-operation, the official organ of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, makes this announcement, which ought to be widely circulated:

There is no mother in the city of Chicago that cannot get the best of medical treatment for her sick baby without money and without price, if she is unable to pay. Call a doctor instead of spending money for patent medicines, "soothing syrups" or "cure-alls," which will probably do your baby more harm than good.

It would seem as though President Roosevelt ought to allow the public to study the closing months of his notable presidency without the distractions incident to the discussion of "What he will do after he is through," and one would suppose the newspapers have enough material for "copy" without anticipating the big stories of hunting in the African jungle. Nimrod has had his day; he is an extinct hero. There is little glory or science, and less poetry, in the modern huntsman who harries the poor wild beast out of life with his long-range rifle and trained dogs. An ex-president can render a nation higher service than that of inflaming the imagination of the youth with the vanishing inspirations of the huntsman.

A recent number of *Hoard's Dairyman* carries on its front page the picture of a "busy time on a busy farm." The camera will tell no lies. It is clearly a modern picture of an old time life. Father is grinding his scythe and the little fourteen-year-old girl is turning the grindstone,—the most spiritless of tasks. Mother is paring apples for dinner; big sister is churning with an old-time dash churn, the little ones are playing cat's cradle, and the old jug with a corn cob cork is ready to be taken to the field. The correspondent who has caught this picture rightly says: "It is interesting to sometimes sit down and think over old times on the farm and how we used to do things when we were boys and girls twenty-five or fifty years ago." This correspondent remembers how he used to hate haying time and the salty water that would run into his eyes, and how the back and legs would get weak before he struck the hayrack bottom, and the throat would get hot and dry before the load was mowed away. Surely it was a hard way of making hay compared with modern times, but perhaps the hard haymaking was a good way to make men. Certainly an element of sweat enters into character-building.

The "Meadville Theological School Quarterly Bulletin" issues a July supplement which is illuminated with portraits of the faculty, pictures of the buildings and some glimpses of the delightful surroundings, with such facts about the school as would answer the inquiries of those who are thinking of studying for the ministry. This profession is now discounted among would-be "up-to-date" young men in academic circles. The engineering activities, the technical arts, manual training, have the floor; or, if one is moved by altruistic motives, sociology, "settlement work" and the attendant philanthropies engage the attention and enlist the enthusiasms of young men and women. But spiritual realities endure, the verities of soul last, and the Over-Soul ever invites the communion of soul. The profundities of the universe are greater than and include the profundities of human nature. The ministry is still a living profession; or, to more worthily state it, a Divine Calling, and happy are the omens that gather round the life of the young man or woman who is moved to sally forth on the high quest of a minister of religion and who consecrate early in life their years to the service of the sanctities, which include all the demands of justice, the amenities of society and the equities of trade, with a great plus that gives potency to them all.

The earlier readers of UNITY as well as the students of the Unitarian movement in the West during those years will be interested in the striking picture, the interesting biography and quaint prose poem of Edwin Miller Wheelock, which appears in the July *Open Court*. Mr. Wheelock was a gentleman of rare culture and spiritual insight, whose shrinking modesty kept him in comparative obscurity during life and led him to cause to be burned all his manuscripts at death. But

this little reflection entitled "Proteus" escaped the fire and is given to the readers of the *Open Court,* and a personal friend of Mr. Wheelock, Charles Kassel, furnishes the biographical sketch. Mr. Wheelock was a graduate both of the law and divinity departments of Harvard College; had five years' experience as a minister in Dover, N. H.; then he resigned his position as a pastor and became a private in a New Hampshire regiment; later he became a chaplain, a co-worker with George H. Hepworth of the Freedmen's Bureau work, and after the war became a public servant in the State of Texas, a superintendent of public instruction, and latterly of the institute for the blind. He closed his public career with an eight years' ministry over a struggling Unitarian missionary movement in Austin, where evidence of his gentle spirit and stimulating mind is left in many a home and upon many a life. As the readers of "Proteus" will see, his mind was profoundly impressed with the thought of evolution, and the sciences in his crucible were fused, became liquid, and flowed into the molds of poetry, of spiritual aspiration and realities.

The upshot of his philosophy as well as the trend of his work and his contagious influence, all justify the last sentence in "Proteus," "None dream how fair man's coming state will be."

The American Bible Society issues a press bulletin concerning their report for the year 1907 of work done in the Philippines which awakens many reflections and raises many questions in the thoughtful mind. We are told that during the year the Society has distributed 102,999 Bibles and portions of scripture. It speaks hopefully of "amicable adjustment of labor" between the different missions with "but slight skirmishing among the few on outpost duty" (!) It also speaks of the phenomenal success of the Protestant movement.

> "Less than eight years ago we landed on these shores; there was then not a Protestant church on the island. Today there are upwards of sixty thousand who have formally identified themselves with Protestant organizations, and hundreds of church and chapel buildings are scattered over the territory. Truly it is marvelous."

And still, there are dark shadings in this picture. Further along the bulletin tells us that owing to lack of an adequate number of missionaries

> "The people are sinking into infidelity; free thought clubs are opening up; spiritualism is running rampant throughout the land; the Independent 'Anglipay' church is disintegrating as a result of the decision of the courts returning the property of the Roman church. Vast numbers, almost two millions, who called themselves adherents to this Independent church, are turning to Protestantism or becoming a faithless people."

After confessing that their hearts are "wonderfully cheered by the visible results" the bulletin announces that the Roman Catholic Church is rapidly assuming a stronger opposition; that the general opinion that the friars are being withdrawn from the island is untrue. On the contrary,

> "The millions paid to the religious orders are largely being expended in fortifying the power of the church, placating the people by fiestas and spectacular displays or securing greater power by loans upon other lands."

It would be very amusing were there not something pathetic in the way these Bible colporteurs succeed in distributing their wares. We are told that a lecture bureau of the Society has added a stereopticon outfit where moving Bible pictures are thrown upon the canvas. Six thousand feet of films illustrating Bible scenes and characters are in their possession and a suitable tent which will accommodate 450 people. The whole outfit is in charge of a recently discharged American soldier. But we are told that these enticing pictures are not offered for their own sake, but are used as a means to an end. The price of admission is the purchase of a book.

> "They do not want the book, but they cannot resist seeing the pictures, and since the purchase of a book is the sole condition of admission, the people cast aside their prejudices and pay the price."

Surely this is subtle tactics, but missionary work by intrigue and diplomacy is better than missionary work by ball and bayonet. One who wears a general's stars in the United States army captured Aguinaldo, the leader of the army for independence, by base treachery and shameless forgery. Perhaps the logic that justified that method of warfare may rejoice in this snatching souls from eternal torment by strategy, advancing the kingdom by tricks and shows.

Some Recent Books

Forbes & Company, Chicago, have ambitions to put their impress on real books, such as may find their permanent place on library shelves. Two such books have found their way to the Editor's table and fill up the measure of joy that goes with vacation leisure.

George Wharton James has found a sumptuous publisher for his "Out West" books in Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, and this latest of his works, "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian,"[1] put the Chicago house on its mettle. But the Lakeside Press has no cause to suffer by comparison with the output of the Eastern print shops. The book is sumptuously printed and, like all of Mr. James' books, profusely illustrated with the fruit of his own camera.

Mr. James' admiration for the Indian is well known. He does not believe that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian." If he unduly idealizes the race, it is not because he is not acquainted with them. For many years he has haunted their camps, shared with them their venison and dishes less savory; he has watched their basket-making, listened perhaps with over-credulous ears to their fairy tale interpretations of the same, and then gone forth to expound the basket to the delight of large white audiences, with an admission fee at the door.

This last of Mr. James' Indian books is such as might be expected. He hastily disposes of the unattractive features of the Indian in a foreword not three pages long, and then proceeds to exploit the Indian's grievances and his excellences in 268 pages. Their deep breathing, their out-door life, their skill in walk-

(1) "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian." By George Wharton James. Chicago: Forbes & Company. $1.50.

ing, riding and climbing, their readiness to labor, their hospitality, diet, education, some of their luxuries, the Indian frankness, his worship and thought of immortality, are all here discussed. Perhaps Mr. James' standpoint and the startling quality of the book are illustrated in the chapter on "The Indian in the Rain and the Dirt" and the one following on "The Indian and Physical Labor." Mr. James is a champion of the rain, does not see why a man should not get wet like birds, admires the Indian man and woman because of their indifference to the wet, and, within bounds, he glorifies their indifference to dirt and recalls with pleasure his own child's education and development in and with mud. In the next chapter he has a justifiable fling at the insincerity of the white man who is always talking about "the dignity of labor" and at the same time living and acting in such a way as to bring it into reproach.

The other book from the Forbes house comes from a California neighbor of Mr. James and an old friend and contributor of UNITY. T. W. Heineman, in a book of 240 pages expounds "The Physical Basis of Civilization."[2] He not only insists on the physical basis on general principles but he puts his finger on the "two small anatomical peculiarities of our brute ancestors" which led to the deviations of structure which made human civilization possible. Of course the upright position and the power of speech represent the climax of physical life, both of which stimulate and necessitate mental activities. The book shows, were other evidence wanting, that Mr. Heineman has been a long-time and careful student of Herbert Spencer and that he has acquired such mastery of the details of evolution as is scarcely attainable except by careful comparative study and discussion of the details, and in such studies the present writer for many years shared with Mr. Heineman. This book is the work of an amateur in letters but there is nothing amateurish in the thinking; it is clear and convincing and it represents a class of books which deserve much more attention than they receive at the hands of many who profess to be believers in and even teachers of evolution. We congratulate the author and the publisher on putting forth a real piece of work in right workmanlike manner.

Slowly but surely the western hemisphere is coming to its own and the citizens of the United States are beginning to realize that they do not represent all America. It is a reproach to our schools that young men and women "graduate" with a greater familiarity with the life of Asia and even the Dark Continent than with the institutions and governments of our own hemisphere. Canada on the north, Mexico to the south of us, and the great Spanish-American world still further south, are largely unknown and consequently unappreciated realms. Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California, in his "South America on the Eve of Emancipation,"[3] has given us his second book, which ought to do much towards dispelling the darkness in which the South American world is concealed from the average citizen of the United States. The present writer is quite incompetent to give first hand opinion of the merits of this book, for his own ignorance concerning these neighbors is profound, but the standing of the author and the publisher is enough to warrant high expectations. South America as well as North America has had its colonial history. This book concerns itself with that colonial life during the last part of the eighteenth century. Here is a study of the Indians, the early growth of cities and commerce which ultimately led to the shaking off of the Spanish rule in America, the establishment of which is the subject of Professor Moses' previous book.

Quite different from either of the above books is the next book on our shelf, "A Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson,"[4] compiled by George Willis Cooke. Two things impress us as we cut the leaves of this sumptuously printed book of 340 pages: one, the astonishing extent of the Emerson literature; the other the astounding diligence of the compiler. With the exception of the four pages of modest preface, Mr. Cooke and his daughter Florence have suppressed their personalities entirely and they give us the result of their patient mousing in library alcoves, copying and arranging from catalogues, verifying and correcting, by correspondence and otherwise, the vast field of Emerson literature. Not less than twenty-three bibliographies precede the one in hand. Upwards of fifty pages are given to the list of single titles, ninety pages to a chronological list of separate works and editions, nearly six pages are occupied with the titles of poems addressed to and about Emerson, and all this volume of indices is carefully indexed, all of which makes a book which every lover of Emerson will covet. We congratulate Mr. Cooke on the completion of a task possible only to one who could add to the scholar's diligence a reader's appreciation of his subject.

When Carrie Jacobs Bond Sings

When Carrie Jacobs Bond sings
What do we hear and see?
A sweet-brier hedge; waving wings—
Bird, butterfly and bee;
A meadow-lark in daisied field,
A robin at top of white birch tree,
A swinging and singing to you and me,
Of love and trust and joy, and peace,
Of duty and beauty and service and rest—
And the sky is aglow in the west;
A pond-lily pool, a violet bed:
A sorrowing mother with low-bow'd head:
A winding river which sings and purls
As on it travels in eddies and swirls
To join the ceaseless ocean.
The tiny tinkle a wind-harp sings:
The human moaning of violin strings;
The hope and faith of each human heart:
The pain and yearning when lovers part;
A wild-rose thicket where thrushes meet;
A new-made grave in God's acre sweet.
So many sweet, indescribable things
We see and hear when this woman sings.

July 18, 1908. MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

(2) "The Physical Basis of Civilization." By T. W. Heineman. Chicago: Forbes & Company. $1.25.

(3) "South America on the Eve of Emancipation." By Bernard Moses. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(4) "A Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson." By George Willis Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE PULPIT

Religion and the Teaching of Philosophy

BY BERNARD C. EWER, PH.D., OF THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

The teacher of philosophy often finds himself confronting a peculiar difficulty. In his subject more than in any other the best results of scholarship and the most conscientious educational purpose are likely to run counter to the religious beliefs of the student. This does not mean that he meets a mere prejudice which the natural authority of instruction readily overcomes; frequently he realizes that religion, if it is genuine, roots in the profoundest depths of human nature, that it is the expression of the very self, and that while the particular beliefs in question may not be essential to religion they are nevertheless so intimately associated with or expressive of that vital function that any displacement which they suffer in the course of study seems like the undermining of the religious life itself. Other branches of learning, especially astronomy, biology and geology, suggest parallaxes between science and religion—e. g., in regard to the nature and origin of life, or the history of this planet,—but in such cases there is always the possibility of reconciliation, either by a slight *tour de force* of questionable logic or by a frank limitation of the scientific field. The teacher may then say: "This is a biological hypothesis that I present, and it must not be understood as a contradiction of religious propositions," or "The geological record is susceptible of exact statement, whereas the scriptural record has metaphorical and ethical value. He may indeed simply avoid the issue, or as a last resort declare that it is not his business to harmonize his teachings with any other discipline. But in philosophy many of the questions are themselves religious questions; no demarkation of respective limits or division of labor is possible. Logically the popular arguments supporting religious beliefs contain notorious fallacies. Psychologically the immortal soul tends to vanish under the gaze of the analytic eye, and the pathology of religion seems to have a sinister significance. Historically the evolution of the conception of God through many an absurd and repellant fiction is sure to suggest to the student mind the imperfection of the achievement rather than the reality of the ideal. The theory of knowledge cannot but indicate the relativity of our knowledge and its inability to grasp infinity in any concrete form. And in the specific philosophy of religion these difficulties accumulate until the instructor may excusably feel appalled at the task of interpretation and reconstruction. Yet it is distinctly his duty to assist the student in readjusting the disturbed ideas, a duty which, happily, is often enlivened both by human sympathy and by respect for the subject to which he has devoted his intellectual energy.

In attempting to solve this problem the writer has found certain methodical lines becoming definite. Of course no rigorous prescription can be made, for the personality of instructor and of student necessitate varying treatment. One cannot talk to a brilliant, superficial scholar and to a slow, reflective observer of human life in precisely the same way. The agnostically minded and the enthusiastic candidate for the ministry need different counsel. Sex presents a difficulty fully as great as that of temperament. Hence an exact pedagogical technique is impossible. But the following rules have worked well in practice, and as they may be observed by anybody they are perhaps worth nothing here.

In the first place, the novelty of investigation, for the individual in the field of religious inquiry, causes a mental tendency toward extreme positions, which are as such to be avoided. And here the emphasis lies equally upon extreme orthodoxy and extreme radicalism, though the latter is the more obvious evil. For radicalism is essentially destructive, and unless employed deliberately for purposes of reconstruction has a disintegrating effect upon character. There is for the teacher a natural pleasure in the exercise of intellectual superiority, in the demonstration to the pupil that his defective notions may be improved, and this pleasure offers a strong temptation to over exercise. The result upon the pupil is likely to be a net loss of enthusiasm or of spiritual appreciation, a beclouded view of the best phases of human character. This discouragement, moreover, hinders reconstruction. Success in uprooting unhealthy beliefs does not imply success in replacing them with a better growth. The instructor may himself possess a clearer spiritual vision, and still be unable to communicate it to his students—simply because he has inflicted upon them a kind of optical paralysis, so that they cannot adjust themselves to the new focus. The writer has in mind an eminent teacher of philosophy who delights in iconoclasm, who regards it as necessary to shock his hearers out of conservatism, but who seems unable thereafter to inculcate positive ideals. The instructor needs to remember that his utterances appear far more shattering to the undeveloped mind before him than they do to his own. Correspondingly the student needs to learn not to forsake utterly the point of view which he has found too limited for his intelligence. He needs to see that when antiquated errors obscure the soul of truth, the preservation of the letter demands a reasonable respect for the former. He needs to feel that his spiritual welfare requires a gradual adjustment, and that a hasty rejection of all the outgrown beliefs of earlier years means spiritual poverty rather than spiritual freedom. And it is a pleasure to end this paragraph with the observation that the writer has found that students take very kindly to his sort of counsel.

In fairness, however, it must be affirmed that orthodoxy itself is often hardly less unfortunate. Conservatism has an undramatic character and an apparent dignity which serve to hide its very genuine dangers. For both in the form of a scholastic bent toward uncritical theology and in that of a perfunctory acceptance of traditions it frequently signifies a neglect of the really spiritual life. The vital thing in religion, namely, the conscious relation of the individual to his God, is essentially non-orthodox, not in the sense of a denial of orthodoxy, but in that of existence upon a higher plane. Its very individualism tends to make it indifferent to traditions, and this individualism should be respected,—controlled and developed, not frustrated and atrophied as is often effected by this or that creed. In many young people the religious life, in its ethical aspects, consists largely in painful efforts to conform to a code, whereas it should be the natural, spontaneous, practical expression of love. That it is not the latter is commonly due in part, I fear, to the fact that youth is not sufficiently encouraged to establish its own relation to God on the basis of its own personal experience. The recent flood of testimony in the psychology of religion contains many a sad story of a religious awakening soon deadened by failure to realize a certain orthodox type of experience. In the

inculcation of ideals, instruction and admonition, both necessary, ought to take the form of suggestion and sympathy rather than that of definite prescription and penalty. To distinguish, therefore, between the conservatism which affords a sure foundation and that which suppresses individuality, to develop the vital beyond the mere perfunctory acceptance and practice, is a common duty of both teacher and student.

In the case, however, of students whose interests send them to philosophy the foregoing difficulty is not the most serious. The problem is rather that of controlling an inevitable independence and progressive impulse. Here the following suggestions are practicable. Explicit negations are to be avoided as far as possible. It is much better to grow away from a partial error than to dig it out bodily, perhaps with attendant injury to accessory ideas. The psychological effect of denouncing is unfavorable as contrasted with that of transferring attention to a new conception. Of course there will inevitably be points of conflict, often tragic, where a hardy rejection of a notion is expedient, but the greater need is for a smooth development wherein the valuable part of the old is continually absorbed to strengthen the new, and the useless, untrue part is allowed to die of its own inherent weakness. Students readily see that they have every reason for accepting fearlessly the prospect of evolution within their religious lives. It is possible also to develop the habit of discerning fundamental agreements rather than superficial differences, so that at the same time the individual clings to religious conceptions socially, and gives them his own interpretation. In this way the crude and unimportant features—e. g., false predicates in the conception of God, or irrelevant ideas of religious experience—drop peacefully away while the true life goes on from strength to strength. Many an analogy might be drawn from the biological world to show the general superiority of the process of gradual modification over that of destruction and reconstruction. This is nature's method in the unfolding of life. It is a sad fact, too, that recent religious controversies, almost if not quite without exception, have started from and flourished on needless denials. But perhaps the writer's conviction on this point is drawn mainly from the fact that it was the method employed successfully in his own home, where different views seldom came into opposition, simply because of an instinctive avoidance of unnecessary negations.

But it is easier to escape external than internal conflict. From time to time a belief will find itself so shaken that the religious life seems in danger, and unless this dubitative function is clearly recognized as normal and treated methodically it may produce disaster. Many of these questions, as for example the incarnation, predestination, the survival of this type of personality, divine responsibility for the existence of evil, and the like, may sometimes be disposed of in this way. Ascertain (the writer has been accustomed to say to students) the relation of the doubtful point to what you regard as your *real* religious life. If it appears to you vitally important as a constituent of that life, then hold it steadfastly; for the needs of your life, if you have discovered them deliberately, are superior to your intellectual opinions of today, and are no more likely to be mistaken. Don't be afraid to believe what you feel that you ought to believe, as a spiritual being in the sight of God. In this sense the "will to believe" is perfectly legitimate. If, however, the point at issue is unimportant, or if it presents a merely intellectual conflict with your new insight, then relinquish it unhesitatingly. You need not be afraid to effect changes consciously, when time and experience will certainly perform the same office in the subconscious realm. Let the useless encumbrance go, gladly, and rejoice in your freedom. So, for instance, with the "miracle" which offers an affront to reason totally disproportionate to its own dignity in the religious life. Such stories are best regarded, not as history, but as myths and allegories, whose ethical value is as great as their historical pretense is weak. To deal with these points rationally, to appreciate justly a logical conclusion and a life-need, is to possess the truly philosophic temperament.

Yet not all questions can be settled so. Some are too large and too profound for our mental grasp. We feel the tension between tradition and a new idea, but cannot release a satisfactory resultant. Conformity in worship or in repeating a creed may present this sort of difficulty. Indeed the principal perplexity for the student mind is probably the existence and nature of God. To accept uncritically is to be untrue to his intellectual ideals, to renounce absolutely is to make a leap in the dark, or perhaps to starve his social self,— an over-hazardous experiment. In such cases I believe it is well to hold the matter deliberately in suspense and to continue one's regular religious practices until one has good reason for changing or abandoning them. It is possible and proper to separate the religious and the intellectual attitudes *temporarily* to this extent; so that one may pray in all sincerity, and also, though at another time, try to solve the problems of prayer; its meaning, its utility, its dignity, etc. "When you go to church, go in a religious spirit. Put aside your philosophy for the time, and enter reverently into the service of worship." Such advice, I am aware, will seem to many people little less than sacrilegious. The unity of life, it will be said, prevents a sincere divorce of this character. And this, as a general statement, is quite true. But we need to qualify it by the consideration that the immature mind has not yet attained unity, and that accordingly we should endeavor to relieve the conflict by a safe and appropriate compromise until a dispassionate solution can be reached. Nor need we fear that this temporary division of functions will produce a moral duality. The thoughtfulness of life is itself a safeguard. In due time the stress will naturally relieve itself, and the individual will discover that he really does believe after all. To hold a question in suspense, to face it unflinchingly from time to time, and in the intervals to accept religion faithfully—this treatment is least erratic and least devitalizing. For the alternatives are two. A resolute suppression of the questions is sometimes possible, but not in the case of a naturally philosophic mind. For such a mind fearfulness of the results of thinking is cowardice and self-stultification. And on the other hand the hasty unification of life effected rationally by the immature mind is more than likely to be imperfect in character and unfortunate in consequences. Between these extremes the student of philosophy must proceed, now with trusting footsteps, now with a keenly scrutinizing eye upon the direction of the road.

This method of deliberate progress needs to be supplemented by a final word of caution. Students—yes, and teachers also—have too strong an inclination to turn their own fresh wisdom into missionary propaganda. Such over-zealous devotion to the diffusion of light usually fails to execute its purpose, because our friends and relatives are satisfied with their existing conceptions, or because they cannot readily regard us as trustworthy apostles. Hence the student needs to learn that religious truth exists primarily for the in-

dividual, and that it should be held by him with a firmness and the value of personal religious development others. Of course sympathetic discussion is highly desirable, and should be indulged on every possible occasion; but truly sympathetic discussion in this field is rare. It is conducted most dispassionately with a good book.

These suggestions are made in the interest of philosophically minded youth, not necessarily of technical philosophic training, but of thoughtful disposition. Judicious consideration, recognition of the inevitableness and the value of personal religious development, and tolerance,—these are the chief desiderata for the questioning mind.

The Minister and the Marriage Ceremony

REV. CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS, MINISTER OF THE CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS.

Marriage is becoming an open question in an increasing number of minds. We are surprised to find it in the most unexpected literary circles. A hasty perusal of Mr. Alfred Austin's *Faust-Prince Lucifer* leaves the impression that the author intends us to reconsider our traditional view on marriage and that there is much to be said on the side of free-union. Thus Lucifer says to Father Gabriel:

> Why interrupt
> The slow, sure weaving of love's natural bond
> With marriage contract, sudden, forcible,
> Strong, till 'tis strained and snaps? That will I never.
> For marriage is the winding-sheet of love;
> And, after it, most mortals in their hearts
> Carry a coffin uninterred. Could I
> Onto the unwritten covenant of love
> Append that clogging and unneeded seal
> This simple shepherdess . . .
> Should buy your sanction.

We could not find a higher-minded or more earnest woman than the author of the *Story of an African Farm,* yet she evidently believes that free-union is higher, truer and better than legal marriage. She makes Lyndall say to the father of her child: "I cannot marry you because I cannot be tied; but, if you wish, you may take me away with you, and take care of me; then when we do not love any more we can say good-bye." Grant Allen's Herminia expresses the same idea when she says to her lover: "I must love him on terms of perfect freedom....I cannot bind myself down to him....if I find him unworthy of my purest love, or unable to retain it, or if I discover some other more fit to be loved by me." These are only a few out of great numbers of the makers of modern fiction who are sincerely and openly calling in question the value of legal marriage and are wondering if free-union might not be more satisfactory, producing a higher and truer type of life.

The spirit out of which this phase of thought is born may be seen in the life of George Brandes. When a young man he saw a woman of grace and accomplishment abused and made unhappy by a tyrannical man. He then determined that "in marriage, the position of one bound against his or her will was undignified, often desperate," and he determined to use his pen against the traditional conception of marriage and divorce. The rebellion against the legal marriage grows out of this undignified binding of a human will to the will of another, the binding of woman in subordinate position to the will of man. The modern woman has reached a place of independence. She is no longer compelled to follow marriage as a vocation. A hundred years ago there was nothing open to woman but marriage. Her art in life was the art of winning a husband. She was compelled by economic conditions to follow that art. But this is no longer true. Every profession and business is open to her, and for the first time in history she finds herself in a position where she can choose her mate. When she walks up the long church aisle to stand before the altar it is not to promise to obey and cower before the sovereign will of man; she comes to give herself to man only as he gives himself to her. She demands that he shall be as worthy of her as she is worthy of him. She gives herself in freedom and not in bondage. And much of the modern rebellion against the legal marriage does not grow out of the fact that these men and women desire loose and illicit lives, but out of the fact that many of the forms of legal and ecclesiastical marriage have failed to adjust themselves to the new spirit between the man and woman in the marriage contract.

Many of our marriage ceremonies in use in the churches fail to recognize the advent of this new spirit of freedom. The marriage ceremony most common in our churches is a product of a past civilization, where the conception of woman's position in society was radically different from what it is today.

Ecclesiastical ceremony had its rise in the tenth century, a period when man was still regarded as the lord of his household, with authority over wife and children. All civil laws recognized this. Woman had few rights before the law. She was represented there by her husband. It was natural that ecclesiastical ceremonies, so far as they reflected social conditions, should embody the principles then dominating society. As her lord he promised to love, honour and keep her, but she promised not only to love, comfort and keep him, but also to obey and serve him. It was natural in that period for the woman to promise to obey and serve the man, for marriage was still based upon the principle of sale. From the earliest periods of which we have any records among the English people marriage took the form of a sale by the father to the bridegroom, and while this principle was greatly modified, the contract becoming more liberal and natural, the principle was still clearly recognized in the period when the ecclesiastical ceremonies now in use were being formed.

We find ourselves in the absurd position of trying to unite men and women in marriage by a ceremony which was produced by this civilization that has long since passed away. We would place women in the inferior position which they occupied in the tenth century by compelling them to promise to obey and serve. We are trying to do the work of the twentieth century by a tenth century standard. Is there any wonder that increasing numbers rebel against formal marriage when the church tries to fit this most sacred act into the mould of a defunct civilization?

The church must make a choice between marriage rejection and marriage reform. The former it cannot approve. Wherever there has been any looseness of the formal marriage tie licentiousness and corruption have been the history. Free-union might do for angels, but we are human, with unstable feelings and stormy passions. Any marriage-made-easy system undermines the already weak nature of man. Hence until we are a long way in advance of anything to which we have ever yet attained the State must continue to hold a strong hand over us in the regulation of the institution of the family. But marriage has evidently become an open question and if it is to remain, the church must be one of the leaders in correcting the

abuses that have made marriage an open question in the minds of so many men. It must create new forms to embody the best feeling and thought of this new civilization, forms which will express the equal partnership of man and woman in this life-engagement.

It is absurd for any minister to stand before a company of people to join a man and woman in marriage and say: "If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." Who has any right to speak after the parties have given their free consent and the civil power has granted the privilege of marriage? The question is a relic of former times and should be placed away in the theological museum as a curious specimen of bygone days rather than be flaunted in the faces of reasonable and independent men and women.

There is a clear recognition of the old custom of the father selling his daughter to the groom and his ownership of her in the question: "Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?" If she has attained to majority, no one has a right to give her away. Furthermore, no reasonable woman gives herself to be married any more than the man gives himself. It must be an equal giving and no form that implies that the woman passes in some sense into the hands of the man can do justice to the woman.

No form could well be constructed that would be further away from the spirit of our modern life than the form commonly in use among Protestant churches. In this day when men are asking for reality, when they tolerate forms only when they express reality, the Church, if it would continue to hold the respect of men, must care less about defending the forms of dead civilizations and more about creating new forms to meet new needs.

A Midnight Vision

Amid the impressive stillness of midnight I closed the book, "Spargo's Socialism," which I had been reading. Only the ticking of the clock disturbed the silence of the room. The feeling that I was alone with God crept over me and deepened the solemnity of the hour. My brain was weary and my eyes were heavy. A comfortable bed was at my disposal, but I could not dismiss my thoughts and seek rest in sleep. I knew that many fellow beings were suffering and I was trying to discern a way for their deliverance. As I sat amid the solemn silence, thinking earnestly of what I had read concerning the misery of the world and the methods whereby it was proposed to remove it, a veil seemed to be lifted, and things as they are appeared, phantom-like, before me. There were the extremes of poverty with their unspeakable suffering, and the extremes of wealth, characterized in many cases by unrestrained prodigality. Between these two extremes and including them there were "all sorts and conditions of men"—the wise and the foolish, the strong and the weak, the virtuous and the dissolute, the oppressor and the oppressed. Wafted to me on the night winds there seemed to come the mingled sounds of triumph and defeat, revelry and misery, feasting and cries for bread.

As I looked and listened, the sight and sound driving me deeper into the realms of thought, I inquired: "Why this strange confusion and so much of unhappiness and misery?" As I looked more closely the outlines of a tremendous and fearful monster, within the very vitals of the phantom before me, seemed clearly outlined. In its mouth were mighty fangs from which poison dropped, and its eyes were hideous in form and glare. Listening more intently I seemed to hear the hissing of its envenomed tongue and the destructive grinding of its massive jaws. Whenever it moved an exultant shout would go up from one part of the phantom, while a moan or cry of despair came from another.

But I noted as time passed on that those parts that seemed to be benefited by one movement of the monster were themselves soon crushed by another. Then I discerned that it was its nature to destroy, and that those who sought and secured its help to win some desired goal did thereby partake of its nature and were in time swallowed up and became a part of the great monster itself.

Appalled by the contemplation of its devastation when, but for it, peace and content would have reigned, I inquired by what name it was known, and the answer that came to me was "Selfishness!" As I studied the vision before me I saw that happiness could not be general until the monster was destroyed and that it could not be destroyed until humanity ceased appealing to it to help win victories made unworthy because won through the sacrifice of somebody's right.

I perceived that by its power, political, social and religious institutions had been perverted. I could see where it had strangled the spirit of republicanism in the very heart of republics and rendered them oppressive. The evidences that it had destroyed the principle of brotherly love and hardened many hearts and made them ruthlessly inconsiderate were too plain to be mistaken.

Even religious institutions, supposed to have been founded upon the principle of brotherly love, did in all too many cases show that they had been touched and degraded and hardened by the monster's transforming power. Seeing the havoc it had wrought, I resolved to make war upon the hideous thing. It was plain to me that until it was slain appeals to forms of government, economic systems or even the institutions of religion for relief from injustice and many other great ills to which humanity is heir would be largely made in vain. But just when, in imagination, I was girding myself for a terrific contest with an outward foe, a still small voice seemed to say: "Look within and see to it that thine own heart is clean and thy spirit is right, for only thus canst thou effectively help destroy the monster in the larger life of mankind."

Looking up to the place whence the voice seemed to come, I saw a beautiful form, and fixing my eyes upon its extended hands, I discerned written in one the word "Love," and in the other the name of Love's handmaiden, "Service." At that moment the great monster, slowly raising its head, beheld the extended hands, and a cry of pain, as if it had been thrust near the heart, escaped it, and its great slimy form convulsed and trembled. At once I perceived that the weapons with which to destroy that dragon are not steel blades, strikes and injunctions, societies and institutions, but unselfish hearts from which hands are extended to uplift and help.

Marietta, O. E. A. Coil.

Try how the life of the good man suits thee; the life of him who is satisfied with his portion out of the whole, and satisfied with his own just acts and benevolent disposition.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them.

* * * * * * * * *

I do believe that there ought to be more interest in humanity, and more power of throwing one's self into the mind of every one, so that no visit should appear dull.—*Frederick Robertson.*

To the Christian Nations

Nineteen hundred years and six,
Since the man of Nazareth came,
Whom the Savior ye would name—
Bringing love—ah, fancy tricks!
Bringing peace—alas, the shame!
Six and nineteen hundred years
Slow have rounded with the spheres,—
Ages dark for Israél,
Dark as ever dread of Hell,
Lit up only by a glare
Such as frequent faggot throws,—
Lurid, but which brightly shows
The serene and lofty faith,
Victor over all despair,
Victor even over death,
Faltering still with failing breath:
"Hear, O Israel, God is One."
So the ages slow have run
And their tale is not yet done,
For the present horror tops
All the centuries' dragon-crops.

O ye powers of the earth,
Christian nations, one and all,
Ye attest a *primal* Fall,
But prove not the *second* Birth.
Ready stand your armaments
Finding clear excuse to speak
Or to heathen malcontents,
Or to debtor-nations weak;
But ye stop for precedents,
(Sooth, and they are far to seek)
When with agonizing shriek
Rings the grim Pole's reeking pen
Where pell-mell they slaughter men—
Men, your fellows, some at prime,
Some with crown of hoary time;
Slaughter women—virgins, wives,
Victims first of brutish lust
Welcoming death's final thrust.
As Russ sacrament that shrives;
Slaughter babes, whose mute appeal
Finds its answer quick with steel,
Or whose helpless whimper, smooth,
Yea and swift, the bed-rocks soothe;
These—ah, gentle sex, age, youth,
Bleed and burn—no show of ruth—
And while swell the frenzied cries
Ye, O nations, ——— sympathize!
Theirs, alas, no stronger plea
Than of mere humanity.

Six and nineteen hundred years!
Can no dole of blood and tears
Liquidate hate's forged arrears?
Lo, the Savior ye adore
By an agony he bore
But a few short hours' space.
Washed away, 'tis reasoned so,
All a lost world's sin and woe.
What! and his whole kindred race,
That has borne from age to age
All the stings of venomed rage,
Cannot it forgiveness win
Even for unproven sin?
Scarce a sin at worst, ye wot,
For, (if sooth the thing befell
As the misty annals tell),
We were but blind actors in
A divine predestined plot
Needful for man's ruined lot.
How or why this was precise,
Ours no hope to know, indeed,
But we question you your creed,
That accepts his sacrifice
As salvation's destined price,
Yet the while in restless hate
Hounds the priest who slew—thru' fate.

Ah, do Thou adjudge the claim,
Thou ineffable of Name.
Ever has our faith been led
From the rav'ning lions' den,
From the fiery furnace bed,
Upward to Thy holy ken.
We are Thine by warrant sure
Of the travails we endure.
SCORNED, REJECTED OF ALL MEN;
GRIEF'S FAMILIARS; SCARCE A PLACE
YIELDING US SHEER RESTING SPACE;
THESE OUR TOKENS ARE OF GRACE.
These known martyr-marks, bespeak
US, the prophet—Servant meek.
OURS the cross, its beams world-wide;
WE, the ever-crucified;
Yet tho' sponged our lips with gall
Of the long dark ages' brew,
Hark! the accents clearly fall:
"Father, oh, forgive them, all,
For they know not what they do!"

H. W. ETTLESON.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Theology and Religion

It may seem, at first glance, that the above nouns are identical; to the uninitiated they both alike are expressions about God and piety; but the fact is that each has a wide region of operation for itself and they do frequently not come at all in contact with each other. Moreover, the deeper we search into the subject the wider apart they seem to us and peculiarly characteristic. Besides, by knowing the difference, we are also conscious of the duty of the layman—everyday man—in the premises.

Theology is a science about God and divine things; religion, a feeling of the heart full of fear, an instinct faith, mingled with awe and reverence for the Most High. Theology is for the few, the God's anointed, Priests, Prophets, the chosen people; religion is for the many, the vast multitude, the common plebeians, neglected by the aristocracy, but befriended and beloved by the Great Autocrat. There are many excuses and apologies for not being theologians, but none for not being religious. The acquirement of the greatest and sublimest science on earth; the study of the Bible with its ancient and modern commentaries, inevitably requires a life-time; nay, a Methusaleh's life will hardly suffice. Religion, however, is a simple matter, all that God requires of man is to fear and love him, if not at least acknowledge and respect him in all our doings, which is very little indeed.

It is clear that the path of Theology, broad and unlimited as it is, is strewn everywhere with dangers, on all sides we meet perils of heresy, heterodoxy, etc. Also the ever present fear, the indestructible bugaboo of being led by the blind; that the professors of today—through the process of evolution—might be the confessors of tomorrow of their own errors.

We perceive, at the present time, a phenomenon of general doubt in all matters ecclesiastical of which the past centuries can not show its equal. Especially has our old mother, the Church, undergone an operation by the hands of certain New England doctors, in the last five and twenty years, from which she emerged, to say the least, in a paralyzed condition. Many members of her body—the fundamental doctrine of Origin of Sin or the gospel truth of autonomy, and their like, are as amputated and useless. However, by all the cutting, slashing and butchering of the old body Theology, not a hair has fallen from the crowned head of Religion.

It is natural to expect that the more wrapping material is removed from the invaluable gem the sooner we shall perceive its unobstructed lustre. Faith in God and his goodness and in the ultimate successful destiny of mankind, has never been so widespread and all-embracing as today. Eliminate Satan and his dwelling place and you are brought face to face with the infinite Universe and its merciful Creator. The

loss in the old style Theology is covered ten fold by the valuable gain in the newly acquired sciences. What matter if the denominational teachers and diverse expounders of our creed antagonistically oppose each other? What if the complicated dogmatic opinions should perish entirely in this holy war? There still remains—thanks to providential goodness—a bountiful supply of religious revelation in the Good Book to last us for many, many centuries.

Exclusive of the Bible, the human heart is in itself a great generative source of godly conceptions; it is capable, like a charged electrical battery, to receive and contain heavenly currents and high ideals surpassing those ever uttered by the theologians.

Fortunate indeed are we therefore that our religion is removed far apart from theology. For looking backward all these two and thirty centuries, from the days of Moses and Korah, when the first theological strife took place, to the present day—and the battle still raging—what would there have been left of Religion?

The sum total of the argument is thus: The task of Theology, on the one hand, is to find God, understand his ways and comprehend his relationship to the visible and tangible world; while on the other hand, Religion is the submissiveness of the soul to his goodness, loving kindness and eternal justice, no matter how, where or when. Undoubtedly, the former is a source of inspiration to the latter, but still it is not essential. It is very well to quote, "Know the God of thy fathers and serve him," but the knowing part is the most difficult to accomplish. However, this part is not indispensable to piety. The pious man who is innocently and perfectly one—whole with his God, is acceptable to Heaven as much as the most learned theologian.

One more point is necessary to emphasize in order to grasp the full meaning of theology and religion and their relationship. Religion precedes theology. The former is a living fountain and gushing spring to the growth and development of the latter. Men recognized, feared and revered the Great Unknown long before Paul or Origen appeared on the scene. Antoninus Pius, who reigned from A. D. 138 to 161, long before Christianity took shape or form, was a noble and religious man. History relates: "He used to say that he would rather save the life of a single citizen than slay a thousand enemies, he was beloved throughout the empire more than any sovereign has ever been beloved either before or since." The same is said about his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher. Abraham, thirty-five centuries ago, believed in God, without possessing a particle of our present Bible. Religion is therefore independent of theology. It is its master, while the latter is its servant.

M. Gordon.

Chicago, Ills.

Martineau

Divine philosopher, great thinker, man!
Leader of leaders, bright pillar of fire
By night, assaults upon science meeting
With thy brighter blade of conquering Spirit;
Thy advance—Faith and Freedom thy strong wings—
In the van! Thy primacy not of State,
But of right Reason's high authority!
Emancipator of imprisoned mind,
The world's great Nestor of untrammeled thought,
Hail, young hero of fourscore years and ten!
Into Truth's grand empire thy mind has brought
The battling realms of principalities!
The Eternal standards thou plantest high—
Pure Ethics one with Immortality!

A. Judson Rich.

Human Brotherhood

III. Brotherhood Between Nations.

If brotherhood is desirable betwen races, it is not less so between nations.

Why is it that two men who are friends when standing together on one side of an imaginary line called a national boundary, should become enemies as soon as one of them steps to the other side of the line? What is there in nationality that should tend to destroy or limit human brotherhood? Why should we put into a flag a meaning which tends to stir up hostile feelings in our minds toward other nations, and to set us thinking, not about friendly relations with them, but about guns and armies and fighting? If brotherhood of feeling is desirable between man and man, and between community and community, why is it not between state and state and nation and nation? Is it not just as important that Canada and New York or Canada and New England should be friendly to one another as it is that New York and New England should be?

Are not the people of Canada as good, as honorable, and withal as much like ourselves, as the people of New York? Then why not trust them as we trust the people of New York and cultivate the spirit of brotherhood toward them as we cultivate it toward the people of our sister state?

It is very strange what uses we see men making of the word "patriotism." He who takes part in some war that his country carries on, whether it be just or unjust, is called a patriot. He who devotes his whole life to his country in ways of peace, rendering her service very likely of vastly greater value, for example as an educator of the young, or as an honorable and upright business man and developer of the country's financial and industrial resources, or as a just and incorruptible judge on the bench—such a man is seldom pointed to as a patriot. And yet which is the real patriot?

In the long history of the relations between France and Germany, involving so many bloody struggles, those Frenchmen have always claimed to be most patriotic who have been the bitterest foes of Germany and done the most to keep alive hostility toward Germany. And those Germans have always claimed to be most patriotic who have been the bitterest foes of France and most fanned the flame of hatred toward France in the breasts of their countrymen. But it was false patriotism. Such patriots, so-called, were really enemies of their own countries. The real friends of France and Germany,—the men in those nations who have been real patriots,—have been those who have labored to allay enmity, and to create between the two nations sentiments of good-will, mutual respect and fraternity. So everywhere.

Today are there any such enemies of England as those men who stir up in the public mind of Britain constant distrust of the nations of the Continent, and thus push on the government to the building of more and even more warships, with the money so deeply needed for feeding and clothing and housing and educating the British people? And are there in this country any such enemies of the United States as those who try to kindle among our people distrust of England or distrust of Germany, or distrust of Japan, as an excuse for creating a great navy, to menace other nations and to get us into entanglements with other powers?

As there is no course so safe for an individual man as to behave himself and trust his fellows, so there

is no course so safe for a nation as to behave itself and trust other nations. And as there is no course so dangerous for a man as to distrust everybody and go about arrogant and defiant and armed to the teeth, so no course is so dangerous for a nation as to distrust and antagonize other nations and depend for safety on armies and navies. The nation that is all the while looking for war, and preparing for war, will never be long without war, as the histories of all the leading military nations of the world show. While the nation that sincerely seeks peace will readily find it.

I do not believe there is a nation in Europe or America,—at least a nation of any considerable size and importance,—that could not with absolute safety tomorrow announce to the world, "From this time on we shall maintain no army except simply sufficient to perform necessary police service at home, or, in connection with other nations, in unprotected regions abroad; and we shall maintain no navy except what may be necessary for strictly police purposes, on waters for which either alone or conjointly with other powers we are responsible; our policy hereafter will be peace; we shall commit no aggressions; we shall try to treat all nations justly and fairly; we shall cultivate among our own people a spirit of respect for other peoples; we shall do what in us lies to promote good-will and brotherhood among all nations. If ever trouble arises between us and any other nation which we cannot peacefully settle between that nation and ourselves, we will submit it for settlement to the Hague Court, and abide by its decision." I say, I believe there is not an important nation of Europe or America that could not make such announcement as this tomorrow with perfect safety. Its security would be not simply as great as before, but vastly greater. No nation would dare to attack it. No nation would wish to attack it. And how such a nation, thus relieved from the staggering burden of modern army and navy support, would forge ahead, in industries, in commerce, in the arts and sciences, in education, in the comfort and prosperity of its people! It would become the admired and the envied land of the whole civilized world.

And believe me, one strong, influential nation, like France, or Germany, or Russia, or Great Britain, or the United States, courageous enough and wise enough and foreseeing enough to take such a stand, would not long stand alone. Others would join her; others would be only too glad to join her when she led the way; nay, others would be compelled to join her or be left hopelessly behind in the race for prosperity, wealth, influence and leadership in the world. No! the nations of the world need nothing else so much both for their prosperity and their safety, as they need brotherhood.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Hartford, Conn.

The Sharpest Pang

In all the tales long writ in classic lore
  Is nought so tragic as the piteous Lear;
  Yet parents' hearts are rent by pangs as drear
As that ingratitude his heart that tore,
And friends nor know, nor heed, we rave no more.
  The child may torture while it doth revere;
  The deadliest pang, our old selves to read clear
In their new cases; and to find once more
Our weakness, foredoomed failure, folly—all
  The seeds unconscious sown, that rankly grew,
  Or some black strain from old time blood in sooth,
With all its curses, like on them to fall.
This, this is anguish frenzied Lear ne'er knew;
  How sharper this, than any serpent's tooth.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

THE STUDY TABLE

Midsummer Book Table

From Funk & Wagnalls Co. I am in receipt of the first volume of The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. This magnificent work covers the field of ancient and medieval religious problems thoroughly. It includes everything referred to in the Bible, geographical, geological and geographic. The first volume contains an excellent article on Augustine and an article on Assyria that may be pronounced absolutely perfect. Those people who call themselves Christian Socialists would do well to thoroughly study the article on Christian Socialism. The attitude of the whole work is broad and liberal, and it is interdenominational. It undertakes to give the reader the present views of the latest and highest scholarship; in a few cases divergent views have been allowed separate articles on the same topics. There will be twelve volumes in all, and the price per volume is five dollars in cloth. The list of editors is very long and includes the ablest theologians in the world. There are few firms in the United States that could give us this magnificent Cyclopedia.

I have received from the Outing Publishing Company one of the best, if not the best, book on agriculture that I have ever yet discovered. It is "Practical Farming," by W. F. Massey. When I say it is the one book that every farmer should have I do not overstate the case. It is absolutely up-to-date. It tells the truth about commercial fertilizers. It understands the value of legumes, and shows the farmer how to make soil. It is scientific but it is simple. It does not undertake too much, and does not destroy its value by a long list of tables. However, I shall review it no farther than to say it will not get out of reach of my right hand.

I have the prospectus of the most wonderful publishing enterprise ever undertaken in America. I refer to "The North American Indian," a series of volumes both picturing and describing the Indians of the United States, in twenty volumes. This whole work is due to the enterprise, the knowledge and the art of Edward S. Curtis, a man who represents the very best type of both observer and artist. He has taken up his task just at the critical point of time. The buffalo has gone from the continent, and now the Indian is passing away. "Behold, all things I make new." Twenty years from now this undertaking would be an impossibility. It is a superb record of a wonderful race, that fulfilled its place in the line of evolution and is now giving way to what we believe to be a higher race. Mr. Curtis has traveled everywhere, and for ten years has been accumulating the data necessary to make this permanent record. Fortunately he is a poet as well as an artist—that is, he can see underneath the surface of things, and that is the only way in which you can interpret the North American Indian. I do not recall a literary enterprise anywhere comparable with this work. It will undoubtedly get its deserved recognition from every lover of art and of history. If it ever comes our turn to vacate the continent may we have as able an interpreter and as kindly and skillful an artist to preserve us for the great future. The first two volumes of this work are now ready, covering the Apaches, the Umas and their neighbors; while three more volumes will be ready next year. The total edition will

be limited to five hundred copies, and whoever secures a copy will have to act promptly. The whole work will contain twenty-two hundred and twenty plates illustrative of Indian life. Three volumes will be published each year till all are issued. Address "North American Indian, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City." E. P. POWELL.

Books Received

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.:
"Personalism." By Borden Parker Browne. 325 pages. Price, $1.50, net.

A Voice From the Pews

VIII

During the absence of our pastor from his pulpit many of his congregation are also away, but some there be whose vacations must be found within the city's walls, and of this number there are always a few who find their accustomed way "to the synagogue on the Sabbath day" to greet the strangers who worship with them, and are always, I dare say, well paid for so doing—if you want to look at it in the sense of gain or loss, instead of an act of worship. The "Voice" firmly holds to the efficacy of the act of public worship as a means of growth in private grace; how or why I shall not attempt to explain.

The first Sunday after the pastor's going away this particular worshiper was unavoidably detained at home, and so missed something from the week's usual calendar, and the regular step in the chosen company. But the two succeeding Sundays the Voice, in company with a goodly number, listened to two most helpful sermons given by the Rev. M. V. Cady, of Berkeley, Cal. The first one, on "Ghosts," caused us to see how very much of all our habits of thinking and living are but ghosts of many dead quotations, and that true progress can never come to a soul until it leaves the outgrown past and boldly faces and CHARGES the future with the keys of hope and fearlessness.

The second sermon, delivered July 19, was particularly helpful and inspiring, and certainly one most needed today. Mr. Cady read from Paul's letters to the Philippians, also from Epictetus, for his morning lesson, and it is truly wonderful how closely alike these two men move in some of their thinking; not so wonderful, either, for all who think seriously arrive at about the same conclusions regarding true and false happiness, real and imaginary riches or power, and the instability of anything but the intangible things of the spirit. Only the things of the spirit.

Paul says, you remember, "For I have learned that in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Or as the Nineteenth Century Testament has it: "For I, however I am placed, have learnt to be independent of circumstances. I know how to face humble circumstances and I know how to face prosperity."

Epictetus warns us to choose only the things that are ours—that is, the things that we feel and know are for us—our needs and our growth, and not encumber ourselves with what does not concern us. If, seemingly, little comes to us, take that little and be happy and helpful. It is just as incumbent upon the one with small means and circumscribed relations to be happy, helpful and generous as it is for the one to whom larger things and circumstances have gravitated.

These are just a few of the lessons that Mr. Cady so clearly and strongly brought to us, and all his hearers went away greatly stimulated toward stronger efforts to find the Good that is meant for them to be, to do and to pass on. VIVA VOCE.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—No nation has a right to indulge in luxuries until all its poor are comfortably housed and fed.

MON.—Education, briefly, is the leading human souls to what is best and making what is best out of them.

TUES.—That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings.

WED.—The very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying.

THURS.—The definite result of all our modern haste to be rich is assuredly and constantly the murder of a certain number of persons by our hands every year.

FRI.—The greatness or smallness of a man is, in the most conclusive sense, determined for him at his birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot.

SAT.—No branch of art economy is more important than that of making the intellect at your disposal pure as well as powerful, so that it may always gather for you the sweetest and fairest things.—*Ruskin.*

Echoes from My Home

We are blessed with a maid-of-all-work from "dear auld Erin," who is a "tuneful lyre" in herself. The range of her voice embraces about three notes in the lower register, not so trying to the ear, but particularly harrowing to the soul on account of their monotony.

A few words only of a song are remembered, and none of the air; and all day a chant may be heard floating out from the kitchen, with perhaps only the words, "The good old summer time," "The good old summer time," for the *theme,* the *refrain,* and the *variations!*

Today it is "Waltz me around again," "Waltz me around again," "Waltz me around again," until my head whirls.

For a time she has been occupied in the rear of the house, but as she approaches, and the murmur becomes distinctly, "Waltz me around again," "Waltz me around again," I am led to wonder if the words have any meaning to her. Do they bring back any memories of her younger days, when perhaps she was more prepossessing?

Did anyone ever waltz her around, and was she stirred by the music as some fond one embraced her, and together they waltzed to the old familiar "one, two, three" movement I danced in my youth?

Life was very sweet then, when fond parents bore the blunt of things, and Hope furnished bright pictures of a glorious future.

To me, then, as today, riches were not my goal; but an intellectual, cultivated mind, and intellectual, congenial companionship.

It was happiness enough to live! And I have not altogether changed, for life is very beautiful—even the inhaling of the sweet pure air sends a thrill no pen can describe.

I also glory in my love of the beautiful in Nature and in Art: the symmetry of a perfect tree, and the harmonious lines of a delicately chiseled marble, alike appeal to my finer taste—a taste and love that Time, nor care, nor drudgery, nor grief, nor poverty, can deprive me of.

The melodious monotony of the *words without music,* "Waltz me around again," "Waltz me around again," mingled with the rattling of dishes, leads me to fear the maid is really waltzing to her own effort, when the summons, "Dinner, Mum," convinces me of my error; and with the words, "Waltz me around again," ringing in my ears, I am called back to the present with the thought: I am glad I am a dreamer at sixty as I was at sixteen! J. H. S.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes

The past week was marked by a few over-Sunday visitors from the School of Ethics at Madison. Dr. A. S. Crapsey, of Rochester, New York; Percival Chubb, of the New York School of Ethics; T. W. Allinson, of the Henry Booth House, Chicago; Rev. A. R. Shelander, minister of the Universal Church of Tacoma, Wash., and Henry Neumann, of New York—all by word and work proved themselves good citizens of Tower Hill.

—Sunday afternoon, July 20, was made notable in Emerson Hall by a masterly sermon from Dr. Crapsey, a clear, concise, critical, but, or rather on that account, appreciative résumé of the growth of Christianity.

—In the evening the usual Sunday vesper hour was observed with variations, the visitors being called upon to contribute most of the informal program. Mr. Chubb spoke illuminatingly of the nature and purpose of poetry and illustrated his theme by the reading of Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman." The reading not less than the brief introduction proved a surprise and a delight to the audience. Mr. Allinson told a story which aptly illustrated the need of coöperation across creedal lines, racial limitations and class distinctions. Others spoke in the same spirit, and the meeting closed with a few strong words by Dr. Crapsey, followed by song and benediction. And some who had been reluctant to forego the sunset for indoor vespers were glad to confess that even those who

"Ope their hearts to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show,"

may at times find a surer message in the ripened wisdom of human intercourse.

July 20, 1908. E. H. W.

Foreign Notes

A PEOPLE WHO WISH TO LIVE.—It is under this caption that the *Signal de Genève* voices its jubilation over the gratifying result of the popular vote on the 5th of July, on the federal initiative against absinthe. This date, it declares, will be a memorable one in the temperance annals not of Switzerland only, but of all countries. On that day the Swiss people, by a majority of nearly 100,000, solemnly expressed its will to put an end to the diffusion of a product whose growing consumption was already a danger for some of its members and a menace to all. As for the malcontents and fault finders, it will be well to let them give vent to their plaints, only asking them to give us their opinion again ten or twenty years hence — perhaps sooner — when neighboring countries shall have decreed the same interdiction and had it in force for some years. Without at all posing as a prophet, one may well believe that, the experiment once tried, no one will think of taking a backward step and that even those who now cry sumptuary law will, having recovered from their ill-humor, admit that it was a measure which had to come soon or late, and that its legitimacy and utility are indisputable.

It regards the vote, however, as only a beginning—or rather a recommencement in dealing with the liquor problem. More than twenty years ago the Swiss people in voting the law authorizing the alcohol monopoly, sought to put into the hands of Confederation, which had openly asked for it, a weapon against alcoholism.

The authorization once obtained, the Confederation has been much more concerned about strengthening its budgets —a legitimate enough aim in itself— than about checking the drink evil, so it became necessary for the people who give the central government this high commission to remind it of its significance. This new vote, this magnificent moving outburst of national idealism, constitutes a severe lesson to the Federal Council in the matter of this financial point of view, which came to the fore again in its opposition to the demand for this initiative made by 168,000 voters. The response of the people clearly signifies: We wish you, of course, to do well for us financially, but you are not to do so at the expense of our health and our dignity.

As to this being but a beginning, the *Signal* points out that this vote shows the people ready for a united fight against alcoholism, and not merely the scattering one of individual effort, and the editor recalls that passage in the recent message of the Federal Council wherein it declared its intention, if the initiative were rejected, to institute an exhaustive investigation as to the consumption of alcohol in general, with a view to proposing some legislation. That the initiative was *not* rejected should, he thinks, but make this investigation of the whole subject the more opportune.

Geneva, unfortunately, went back on its record, and after being one of the cantons to ask for this initiative, rejected it by a considerable majority. It is interesting to note that here again, as in the matter of the Separation of church and state, it was the outlying catholic communes that were the determining factor. In the thirteen protestant country communes 582 voted for to 445 against, while in many of the catholic communes the opposition outnumbered those in favor of the initiative two to one and in several even three to one. In one of the smaller communes, Puplinges, there were but 4 anti-absinthe votes to 41 for it.

The hundred thousand majority for all Switzerland in favor of the wiping out of the traffic surpassed all expectations. It is a triumphant illustration of the solidarity of the republic on practical moral issues.

Of course it was the *romance* cantons that were directly interested both as producers and consumers of the beverage. The vote there by cantons was as follows:

	Yes.	No.
Geneva	5,788	8,870
Vaud	17,940	13,915
Neuchâtel	6,340	11,631
Valais	5,953	4,017
Fribourg	7,149	4,910
Berne (seven districts)	6,191	5,517
	49,361	48,860

M. E. H.

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